

THE DAILY BEE.

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THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETORS. 1015 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

VACATION DOES NOT "take" among the French-Canadians.

Rosecrans is not finding the path of register a particularly easy one.

The Russian bear hopes to have Turkey for his Thanksgiving dinner, if the remainder of Europe fails to disturb the repast.

Halstead's pen seems to be the issue in this year's campaign in Ohio. The last campaign turned on the question of Foraker's gunny-sack pants.

When the Union Pacific is content with doing a legitimate business of railroading, and coal mining is left to private enterprises there will be an end to strife and agitation among its employes on account of Chinese labor.

Prof. Kretz, of Fremont, who has been looking for a federal appointment for several months, is still in Washington waiting for something "to turn up." However, he is not the only Wilkins Micawber among the democratic politicians in Nebraska.

And now the charge is made that naval officers are the greatest smugglers in the United States. As the longest cruises of burghallant tars are made on land, owing to the fact that we have no navy, to speak of, the amount of smuggling from foreign ports cannot be very extensive.

A Kansas man offered Frank James a hundred dollars the other day to kill an offensive neighbor. If James is going into this kind of business, we would suggest that President Cleveland engage him to kill off about 95 per cent of the Missouri office-seekers. At one hundred dollars each Mr. James could accumulate an immense fortune.

A newspaper reporter of Quincy, Illinois, having determined to blow his brains out, wrote up the details of his suicide in connection with his history in order to save his brother quill-drivers the trouble of hunting up the facts. That reporter was a thoroughbred professional and his example should be followed by all others who contemplate suicide.

Some of the Chinese residents of Cheyenne, upon reading the notice to leave unless they wanted to be treated to a suit of tar and feathers, declared their intentions of becoming citizens of the United States, and took out their first papers. They were even willing to part with their pig-tails, but they were informed that their first papers guaranteed their protection in every respect, and that they could not only hang on to their pig-tails, but could continue to wear their shirts outside of their pantaloons.

When this fact became generally known among the Mongolians it may possibly have induced for large numbers of them to become citizens of this great, free, and glorious country.

GENERAL SHERIDAN has issued an order continuing Captains Davis and Gregory as aides-de-camp on his staff until October 10th. It will be remembered that Secretary Endicott ordered that all officers on staff duty for four years should be relieved by or before October 1. The order to relieve the officers named was duly made, but Gen. Sheridan objects, that as the statutes designate that he may select officers as aides, who shall thereupon be lieutenant colonels, the order of the secretary of war does not apply to his aides, as they are lieutenant colonels at once on his appointment, and are not "captains" under the secretary's order. It is intimated that this order will raise the question as to who is the boss of the army. Gen. Sheridan probably issued it for that purpose in order to have the question settled beyond all doubt. It would seem that this order confirms the recent report that there was a conflict of authority as well as some ill-feeling between the secretary of war and Gen. Sheridan.

WHEN such an influential paper as the New York Times, which is a megawatt sheaf of so much for Grover Cleveland, comes out flat-footed against Governor Hill, we are inclined to the opinion that Hill will find himself left in the cold at the opening of a severe winter. The Times is now showing up Mr. Hill's record, which connects him with the infamous Tweed ring. The exposure made by the Times shows that Hill and Tweed were intimate friends in politics, business and plundering the public, that Hill while an assemblyman in 1871 was not merely a henchman of Tweed's, voting as he was bidden upon the most-troublingly corrupt bills which Tweed found it necessary to pass at Albany in order to increase his opportunity for plunder in New York city, but that he was more than this—he was Tweed's partner and associate in the business of running a newspaper at Elmira, \$10,000 of Tweed's money going toward the purchase of the newspaper in 1870. Assemblyman Hill is charged with helping by his votes in the legislature and by his paper at Elmira the immense steals perpetrated by Tweed. The Times, it will be remembered, made its reputation by the exposure of the Tweed ring, and it knows what it is now talking about. Its broadside blast against Hill cannot be otherwise than disastrous to the New York state democratic ticket.

A Significant Change. Nearly a year has passed since the defeat of the republican party in the last great national contest. The disappointment of the campaign has been more or less mollified by time. Opportunity has been given for the thoughtful men of the party to take an honest retrospect of the past and a wider view of the future. The platforms in the various state campaigns show a significant change. There is less "pointing with pride" and more decided grappling with the live issues of the present. Abuse of men has yielded, in a great measure, to many criticisms of measures. There is a marked tendency to recognize the fact, which ought long ago to have received more prominent recognition, that the records of the past are not the only guarantee of performance in the future which will be required by the mass of thinking voters. The political harlequines whose manipulations of caucus and convention drove so many republicans temporarily from the party have been forced to take back seats, and their places have been supplied largely by men with brains enough to appreciate the situation and with ability enough to put the best ideas of the party into actual execution. This is as it should be. Such a change is to be welcomed by all who believe that the mission of the republican party did not begin with the Kansas-Nebraska controversy, or end with the abolition of slavery and its magnificent achievements in repairing the havoc of war. There are enough living issues to-day to demand its attention, beside the issue of who shall hold the office. To the mass of the people this is of much less importance than the question of what ideas shall prompt the administration of the government.

The great problems of a stable currency; of the adjustment of the relations between capital and labor; of the proper stimulation of industry by indirect taxes yet remain unaltered. It is the mission of the republican party through press and voice to educate the people upon these vital topics. The Utah problem, the rights of the territories to statehood regardless of their political complexion, the ever present and perplexing problem of the control of corporate monopolies—all demand honest consideration and speedy action. Political cowardice, the ever present and perplexing problem of the control of corporate monopolies—all demand honest consideration and speedy action. Political cowardice, the ever present and perplexing problem of the control of corporate monopolies—all demand honest consideration and speedy action.

The Opening of the Hills. In a few weeks time the iron rails of the Northwestern system will have reached a point within a daylight's journey of Deadwood, and after nine years of comparative isolation the Black Hills will be in close connection with the great markets and manufacturing centers of the country. At last reports the road-head of the Elk Horn Valley branch from Chadron north was graded to the Cheyenne river, and the tracklayers were pushing forward twenty miles from the junction. The completion of the line will be an event of paramount importance to the northwestern Dakota. No portion of the northwestern more richly endowed by nature. For sixty miles south of Rapid City and extending east along the various creeks which empty into the Cheyenne and White rivers are the best and most profitable lands in that great extent of country which stretches from the Missouri to the Wyoming line. Wheat and oats pay bounteous returns to the agriculturist, while vast ranges sheltered by the foothills and watered by numerous springs and rivulets, furnish ample feeding grounds for thousands of cattle. Distances from the markets and the expenses of long freight hauls have been terrible handicaps in the past, which will be at once removed by the whistle of the engine.

But the mineral interests of the Hills will reap still greater benefits from the arrival of the railroad. Scores of mines which it has been impossible to work because of the double expense of freighting machinery to the mines and ore from them, will now be placed on a paying basis. The vast mineral wealth which has lain locked in the mountains will be advantageously employed in their development the moment that transportation facilities are brought to their door. With the influx of population, which is already heralding the advance of the trade, and which will more than redouble in volume the moment that the rails reach Rapid City, every town and camp will feel new life.

Omaha merchants do not need to have their earnest attention called to the opportunity which will be afforded them to reach out with strong hands into this new field. It is a territory which it is theirs to claim by every precedent of trade and commercial advantage. Omaha is the nearest wholesale depot and the best market for the exchange of commodities. She has the means and the ability to command the custom if her merchants have only the will and the push to seize it. Her wholesalers are daily proving their ability to compete with Chicago for the far western markets. Her traveling men are selling every week more goods in northwestern Nebraska and are making brave efforts to keep up with the magic advancement of a rapidly developing frontier. The opening of the Black Hills should mean hundreds of thousands of dollars to this city drawn into circulation by the enterprising business methods and successful endeavors of our active wholesalers and manufacturers.

The Republican has at least three times as much money in this city as the Bee, including a press-room whose contents are nearly twice the value of the presses of its contemporary; and yet the Republican has never asked anybody to go wild over its enterprise.—Republican. It may be true that the Republican has more money in Omaha than the Bee. Its surplus on deposit in the banks or stored away in its vaults is an unknown quantity. It may amount to half a million or more. But as to its machinery being worth twice the value of our presses, there is a little difference of opinion. The double-cylinder Hoe in the Bee press-room is alone worth almost as much as all the presses in the Republican building, and the web perfecting press cost more money than would buy the entire outfit of newspaper, job office and bindery of the Republican. In this connection let us state that the Bee is not given to boasting about its enterprises. The paper speaks for itself. The only mention we have made regarding the web perfecting press was in connection with the recent general improvements made in the equipment of the paper.

The identity of that obnoxious judge, alluded to in the correspondence published some time since, reflecting upon the character of a judgeship appointment in the west, has not yet been established, and the guessers still continue to bother themselves and the president over the matter. The president has just been obliged to authorize the statement that William M. Fleming of Kentucky, recently appointed associate justice of New Mexico, was not the man. A great many persons still stick to the belief that Judge Davne, who has been appointed to an Alaska judgeship, was the person referred to, as he comes nearer filling the bill than anybody else.

The people of the United States have long wondered what the G. in Thurman's name stands for. It was only recently that the discovery was made that his full name is Allen Gramsberry Thurman. The people of Nebraska have ever since the pioneer days been similarly at a loss to know what the J. in Mr. Morton's name stands for. It took a woman—a Boston newspaper correspondent—to bring the secret from Mr. Morton while he was attending the national forestry convention in the "Hub," and now we see his picture floating through the stereotypy plates with his name and title in full—Julius Sterling Morton, ex-governor of Nebraska. Hereafter it is to be hoped that Julius Sterling Morton will not part his name in the middle.

CONTINUED amendments of the civil service rules are reported from Washington, which are mostly in the line of ease in the disposal of objectionable republicans and facility in the appointment of members of the democratic party. The administration proposes to amend the rules under the firm conviction that it is a poor rule, in the civil service, that won't work in both of these ways.

ACCORDING to the Republican the Bee has no more use for a web perfecting press than a dog has for five legs. If the editor of that paper will step down into our press room any day in the week between four and five o'clock in the afternoon or morning he will discover that we have great use for a lightning press.

Two new cruisers will be constructed at once under the report of the special board of naval officers created by Secretary Whitney. The fact that they are to cost \$1,100,000 leads to the belief in some circles that John Rosch will recover from his voluntary bankruptcy in time to put in his usual bid.

AND now the items concerning prairie fires are filling their usual autumn niches in the columns of the country press. The importance of ploughing fire guards around their farms cannot be too strongly urged upon our farmers.

The base ball craze in Chicago, since its hired nine wiped the diamond with the New York club, will probably necessitate the enlargement of the Illinois State Lunatic asylum to accommodate the ball cranks.

The days come and the days go but Dr. Bland's little tomahawk, which was raised for McGilluddy's scalp, still flourishes harmlessly in its lair. Meantime, as usual, all is quiet at Pine Ridge agency.

The failure of a Wall street firm of speculators for a cool million, coming as it does immediately after the defeat of the New York base ball club by the Chicagoers, ought to surprise no one.

AUDITOR BROWN, of Iowa, has written another letter. It is now in order for Gov. Sherman to shed a bottle of ink over several pages of foolscap. Will they never get tired?

SINCE the Republican has discovered that the Bee is sure to go to wreck and ruin by the purchase of a costly web perfecting press, it ought to be perfectly happy.

OUR bankers are rather anxious to discover who is to be the winning man in the race for treasurer. It is a matter of considerable "interest" to them.

PERSONALITIES.

Local. Bishop O'Connor is 62 years of age.

C. S. Goodrich is about letting the contract for the new North Sixtieth street.

J. Sterling Morton now refers to his old friend, Dr. Miller, as "one George Miller."

Senator A. S. Paddock is increasing his Omaha investments by the purchase of his old home on North Sixtieth street.

Hon. E. D. Webster, ex-editor and revenue agent, has turned from politics to retailing and is punching cows on the southwestern frontier.

General Howard's faith in his rising double star of the major-generalcy is shown in his sale of his Omaha residence. He hopes his next will be in San Francisco.

Charles Shyerick, whom people are now beginning to refer to as "the resident of our city," is making arrangements for his winter residence in San Antonio.

Senator Anderson has not laid out his itinerary for his next journey. Charley Dewey is understood to be jealous of the senator's growing reputation as the Great Omaha Traveler.

James M. McTearal's old right hand man in the B. & M. headquarters, has followed his chief to the management of the Burlington's St. Paul extension. He calls his first boy A. E. Touzart in Barr.

General. Robert Tompkins is worth \$20,000.

General Longstreet is keeping a hotel at Gainville, Va.

Governor Jewell's baldness must be hereditary. He has never been married.

Jenny Lind's sweet voice is occasionally heard in Putney church, London.

Ex-Minister Lowell will devote himself to literature, spending a portion of each year in Europe.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett will enter a new field, for her, by writing stories for children.

Rev. Thomas Thomas, of Arkansas, is 114 years of age, but the Tom Tom of China is much older.

Senator Palmer, of Michigan, has just built one of the finest houses in Washington at \$100,000.

The charming and cultured daughters of Grant Greenwood and Joaquin Miller will appear on the stage this season.

Alexander G. Bell, of telephone fame, is said to have been shown by his father-in-law, Prof. Gardner G. Hubbard, how to keep and swell his money.

Colonel Fred Grant says he wants no sinecure, unless some day he shall have to be another war he would enlist as a private and take his chances.

TWO-STRIKE AND THE BRULE CHIEF.

He Visits Fort Niobrara, and is Interviewed by Gen. Brislin.

Some Interesting History of Early Days in Nebraska—Two-Strike Talks About Various Topics of the Present Day.

FORT NIOMBARA, Neb., Sept. 18.—[Correspondence of Chicago Tribune.]—The copper-skinned old rascal, Two-Strike, paid me a visit the other day. He had called twice before, but fortunately I was away from home. Hearing I was at the fort, he came over from the Rosebud Agency for the third time, and found me in. He had with him his villainous-looking lieutenant and inseparable companion, a yellow-looking Indian with a bad eye. They came to the house late in the evening, and old Two-Strike announced he had come to talk. I appointed 10 o'clock the next day, after the guard-mounting, to hear him at my office. Striky was promptly on hand, and after the official children of I directed Marshall, the interpreter, to open him.

Two-Strike's speech. Taking a seat by a table in the center of the office, Two-Strike sat for a long time in perfect silence. I thought he was smoking the big bowl of federal appointments and did not disturb him. At last he rose, and pulling his blanket about him much as I had seen Ed Forrest do in Motomora long years ago, Striky said to me in a low, hoarse, guttural way, and he jerked out: "I think it is good for me to be here."

As I did not wish to dispute this point I remained silent and waited for further developments. "Long years ago," continued Striky, "we were not friends, and I saw you at North Platte. Now that I see you closer, and can take a good look, I think you are a good man, and I want to be friends with you. You would like to shake hands with me, wouldn't you?"

I told Marshall to inform him he was on the right way, and as I had been compelled of late to make up with so many rebels, I might as well include Indians, and he extended his dirty digits, I would shake hands with him.

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Spotted-Tail and Two-Strike came in, and Walk-under-the-Ground and Two-Strike were with him. Spotted-Tail, as usual, was loyal, and wanted to do as the government required, but Walk-under-the-Ground was not so much dissatisfied, and called old Spotty a woman. There was a good deal of wrangling, and Walk-under-the-Ground got killed. I was always under the impression that he had killed Walk-under-the-Ground, but Two-Strike says not, and told me Walky was killed by a dog soldier.

While we lay at North Platte, Turkey, I got into a quarrel with the Republican in violation of Gen. Sherman's order, was in constant communication with Walk-under-the-Ground and Two-Strike. Two-Strike and Walky encouraged me to go back to the reservation, and Turkey to a camp. At the end of the seven days allowed by Sherman for them to come, Spotted-Tail was started north to Randal, and Gen. Bradley and the rest of us were ordered to follow the Republican country to begin the war. Old Two-Strike sloughed off from Spotted-Tail with about 20 warriors; and part of my cavalry, under Capt. John Mix, (since dead), got after him, and he was killed, and his body was left in the open. He ran up and down and across lots; but Mix stuck to him and at last came near capturing the whole outfit.

Two-Strike fled north, crossed the Union Pacific railroad, and went on to the exact boundary of the reservation. He was almost frozen and starved to death the following winter. At last he sneaked over and joined Spotted-Tail, and since then has been a pretty good Indian, but he has had no opportunity to be bad.

Such was a part of the history of the copper-skinned and wrinkled old savage who stood before me. Having studied Parson Newman's oration for some time he said:

THE LAND QUESTION. "My heart is very good and I want you to feel good toward me. I am getting old, I am 64 and I am getting old. I thought much of late, and there are some things I want to say to you now, and I want you always to remember them. You have, no doubt, observed that land is getting very scarce in this country, and that the people who are moving west. Have you not seen them?"

I told Marshall to tell him I thought I had noticed a few millions coming this way. "Yes," said Two-Strike, "the roads, the woods, and the fields are full of them; and they want to take up all the land. They have made a road across our reservation to the Black Hills, and they walk on it constantly. I am afraid by-and-by they will want to stop on the road and settle down. That was the way they did with the Black Hills. They first made a road in there, and then they settled on it and they did not go away. So we lost the Black Hills."

"Now," said Striky, "I would like to have all roads through our reservation shut up, and the white men to stay off our reservation, and some of them, I think, are within the reservation, though they all claim they are not. There is a fine strip (line), but it is very crooked. I wish our reservation could be defined and the white men to stay off it. There are not many settlers yet on the line, and if any of them had to move, it would be better to move one or two than a dozen by-and-by."

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Some Interesting History of Early Days in Nebraska—Two-Strike Talks About Various Topics of the Present Day.

FORT NIOMBARA, Neb., Sept. 18.—[Correspondence of Chicago Tribune.]—The copper-skinned old rascal, Two-Strike, paid me a visit the other day. He had called twice before, but fortunately I was away from home. Hearing I was at the fort, he came over from the Rosebud Agency for the third time, and found me in. He had with him his villainous-looking lieutenant and inseparable companion, a yellow-looking Indian with a bad eye. They came to the house late in the evening, and old Two-Strike announced he had come to talk. I appointed 10 o'clock the next day, after the guard-mounting, to hear him at my office. Striky was promptly on hand, and after the official children of I directed Marshall, the interpreter, to open him.

Two-Strike's speech. Taking a seat by a table in the center of the office, Two-Strike sat for a long time in perfect silence. I thought he was smoking the big bowl of federal appointments and did not disturb him. At last he rose, and pulling his blanket about him much as I had seen Ed Forrest do in Motomora long years ago, Striky said to me in a low, hoarse, guttural way, and he jerked out: "I think it is good for me to be here."

As I did not wish to dispute this point I remained silent and waited for further developments. "Long years ago," continued Striky, "we were not friends, and I saw you at North Platte. Now that I see you closer, and can take a good look, I think you are a good man, and I want to be friends with you. You would like to shake hands with me, wouldn't you?"

I told Marshall to inform him he was on the right way, and as I had been compelled of late to make up with so many rebels, I might as well include Indians, and he extended his dirty digits, I would shake hands with him.

After this performance was over old Two-Strike returned to silence. He stood up, studying a picture of Gen. Grant, and apparently committing to memory the name of Parson Newman printed underneath.

"STRIKY" IS 1863. The last time I had seen old Striky, was, as he stated, at North Platte, in the general Sherman's military order, the Indians out from between the two railroads—Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific—and had given them seventeen days in which to assemble at North Platte and go north to a reservation.

Spotted-Tail and Two-Strike came in, and Walk-under-the-Ground and Two-Strike were with him. Spotted-Tail, as usual, was loyal, and wanted to do as the government required, but Walk-under-the-Ground was not so much dissatisfied, and called old Spotty a woman. There was a good deal of wrangling, and Walk-under-the-Ground got killed. I was always under the impression that he had killed Walk-under-the-Ground, but Two-Strike says not, and told me Walky was killed by a dog soldier.

While we lay at North Platte, Turkey, I got into a quarrel with the Republican in violation of Gen. Sherman's order, was in constant communication with Walk-under-the-Ground and Two-Strike. Two-Strike and Walky encouraged me to go back to the reservation, and Turkey to a camp. At the end of the seven days allowed by Sherman for them to come, Spotted-Tail was started north to Randal, and Gen. Bradley and the rest of us were ordered to follow the Republican country to begin the war. Old Two-Strike sloughed off from Spotted-Tail with about 20 warriors; and part of my cavalry, under Capt. John Mix, (since dead), got after him, and he was killed, and his body was left in the open. He ran up and down and across lots; but Mix stuck to him and at last came near capturing the whole outfit.

Two-Strike fled north, crossed the Union Pacific railroad, and went on to the exact boundary of the reservation. He was almost frozen and starved to death the following winter. At last he sneaked over and joined Spotted-Tail, and since then has been a pretty good Indian, but he has had no opportunity to be bad.

Such was a part of the history of the copper-skinned and wrinkled old savage who stood before me. Having studied Parson Newman's oration for some time he said:

THE LAND QUESTION. "My heart is very good and I want you to feel good toward me. I am getting old, I am 64 and I am getting old. I thought much of late, and there are some things I want to say to you now, and I want you always to remember them. You have, no doubt, observed that land is getting very